



The Toike Oike

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

TOIKE OIKE WORLD RECORDS 2009



**THE TOIKE TAKES A LOOK AT
THE LIFE CHANGING EVENTS
AND MOST MEMORABLE
ACTIONS OF THE LAST DECADE**



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S HUMOUR NEWSPAPER SINCE 1911

VOLUME XCIX — ISSUE IV — DECEMBER 2009

B740 Sandford Fleming
10 King's College Road
Toronto ON M5S 3G4

tel: (416) 978-2917
fax: (416) 978-1245
http://toike.skule.ca
e-mail: toike@skule.ca

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Thomas Parker

PRODUCTION EDITOR Emilie Hudson

HEAD GRAPHICS EDITOR Navid Nourian

WEBMASTER Thomas Parker

DISTRIBUTION Everyone

HEAD WRITERS Aaron Shindman

STAFF WRITERS Luca Gerace
Bryan ThompsonCONTRIBUTING WRITERS Peter Chen
Rafal Dittwald
Burnadette Ho
Allison McPhail
Navid Nourian
Andrew JerabekCONTRIBUTING ARTISTS Bryan Thompson
Eric Bradshaw
Aaron Shindman
Navid NourianPRINTER Weller Publishing Inc.
AD PLACEMENT Campus Plus AdvertisingSPECIAL THANKS TO
Masturbation, in all its forms!

COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using three bitchin' PCs and a Mac. Often, they will engage in pretentious arguments over who has better features and is easier to use. When the dust settles, the result is a veritable "Odd Couple" of cross-compatibility. Sometimes, it looks retarded.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike (pronounced Toy-Kee-Oyk), also known as Saint Nicholas, Father Christmas, Kris Kringle or simply "Toike", is a legendary figure who, in many Western cultures, brings gifts to the homes of the good children during the late evening and overnight hours of Christmas Eve, December 24 or on his Feast Day, December 6 (Saint Nicholas Day). The legend may have part of its basis in biographical tales concerning the historical figure of gift giver Saint Nicholas. A nearly identical story is attributed by Greek and Byzantine folklore to Basil of Caesarea.

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring that pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.



University of Toronto Students' Union

EDITORIAL

Hey all,

Well, here it is, we finally made it! Welcome to the last issue of the decade. That's right, the naughties are finally coming to an end. It has been both an amazing year filled with the deaths of some of the least known celebrities and television salesmen as well as an amazing decade filled with some of the least popular wars and presidents. And the Toike has been there every step of the way providing off-colour humour and a chance to escape reality within only 12 pages per month.

Within the last decade, the Toike has published several outstanding issues including the famous "Publication of the Year" issue of 2003, the "Readers Digest Toike" in 2008, the "Toikea" issue in 2004 and the "Comic Issue" of 2007. Yes, the Toike has covered all the tough issues this decade ranging from how best to fit Patrick Stewart into every page of a student newspaper to how can a student newspaper discretely fill its pages with nudity. Now, I know both of those examples appear to be about Toike and for the Toike, and yes, you are correct. However, our research shows that the average Toike reader

prefers a Toike that is filled with puns, misinformation and self-referential anecdotes (such as this editorial) over a Toike filled with actual news (there is a reason why any news in this paper can be described as brief). With this revelation in mind, I think the Toike has been successful in the last decade in delivering such puns and had humour.

In honour of the great Toikes from the last 10 years, I present to you the December 2009 issue of the Toike. This Toike serves to as a memorial of the best moments (term used lightly when describing the centre spread) of the decade. This paper will show you what it takes to break a world record and will show you how a mediocre Fox television show can change the world. Additionally, this issue will be the first time that the Toike publishes its Google search history. In an attempt to be more transparent to the reader (the UoT faculty is forcing my hand here with blackmail), we have decided to share our search history so that you can infer what the mind of the average Toike writer is like. I will warn you this is an incredibly messed up place.

Also, as you may notice from looking on the adjacent page (you can look,

just remember to come back here when you are done), the Toike is having a contest. Many years ago, the Toike had a patch. This patch was glorious and was sewn onto many a jacket and coverall. However, we at the Toike have lost the original design of this patch and therefore are in desperate need for a new patch. For this I turn to you, dear reader. If you have an idea for the next Toike patch, please submit it to toike@skule.ca for your chance to win free Toike wear and many other great Toike prizes. All patch designs must be either 3" in diameter (circle) or 7.5 square inches (rectangle) and should be submitted to toike@skule.ca by February 15, 2010. Please email me for details.

Well, it's time to let you read the paper now. It is a great issue and I hope you enjoy it.

Have a happy holiday and good luck in exams!

The Toike will be back in 2010.

Sincerely,

Tom Parker
Editor in Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:	such as that one to come.	up a bit.
The article "diary of a man with a mustache" almost made me pee it was so great.	Cheers, Tom, Tom,	Your fearless editor, -Tom
Sincerely, -Desperately in need of a mustache ride.	Tom,	Hey Tom,
Dear Mustache rider,	-Toike Writers.	Disregard that last letter from the writers, I still love you and always will.
Yes, I do agree that was a great article, however I was able to retain my continence. I think it is great that you are enjoying the Toike enough to lose control over your urinary tract. Perhaps, I can hire my writers out to give consults to people who need to give "samples" at there physicals.	Dear Writers, We have been over this. Comments like this are inappropriate and lower my self-esteem. I don't go out of my way to offend you (with the exception of Toike issues) and all I ask is that you are kind to me in return. Because of this, there will be less wings at the next meeting!	Sincerely, Toike Head Writer
Keep on reading the Toike, and there will be more fantastic articles	Okay, I can't do that.. you can have your wings, but try to lighten	Dear head writer, Aww, thanks! Your incessant brown-nosing always warms my heart. This is why you are the head writer.
		Keep up the good work. Tom

TOIKE GIVES YOU WIIIIIIINGS!
Hammer Wings!
Now, don't you want to write for the Toike
and get in on that?

Next Meeting: TBD 2010

Refreshments will be provided for participation and good ideas
so come prepared!

Questions? Letters? Canned Items? Email Toike@skule.ca

News Briefs

Studies reveal animal conspiracy to overthrow humanity

A recent study carried out at the semi-prestigious Brown University has revealed a conspiracy by members of the mammalian order to overthrow their human overlords.

The first recorded history of an attempted overthrow dates back to the medieval ages where conclusive evidence was found that rats and fleas colluded to spread the Black Death plague which killed 1/3 of Europeans. However, superior human genetic material was able to beat back the disease repeatedly over the next three hundred years as we began a systemic extermination of rats and other rodent and insectoid species. Later, birds, cows and pigs all joined in the grand animal alliance to dislodge humans from top of the food chain.

"From hunted to the hunters, this clandestine animal conspiracy must be stopped," said researcher Joyce Jenkins. "I think it is time to round up the pigs, cows and birds and put them into internment camps. This is war and we need farmers if we are to win this." "Simply slaughtering them by the millions is not enough," said general Alan Petracus of the United Nations Inter-species command. "We need to kill them by the billions, we need to make an example of them, so that other animals will not follow in the pigs' pawsteps."

On the heel of this revolutionary announcement, President Obama has announced that 900,000 new troops will be sent to Afghanistan in order to strategically stop the birds' annual migratory routes. Along with this announcement, legislation is being planned to convert United States to a Hindu, Jewish and Muslim state to eliminate the consumption of pigs and cows.

Peter Chan

World To End on December 11, 2009

Reuters (Teotihuacan) - Scientists from the University of Mexico City have recently made a breakthrough in the decoding of the Mayan calendar that predicts the end of the world occurring on December 21, 2012. "Apparently, a math error made by Aztec futurologists pushed the date of Armageddon back by about three years," said Alberto Gonzalez, a professor in End of the World Studies, "they forgot to carry a 1. Luckily we have corrected the error. I'm sure that if any Aztec were alive to see this, they'd certainly be embarrassed!"

Luca Gerace

Former Miss Argentino Dies from Butt Surgery

(AP, Buenos Aires) Solange Magnano died earlier this month when injections to firm up her ass entered her bloodstream and traveled to her lungs and brain. Fans are blaming her husband for pushing her to get the surgery. He was quoted as saying "My wife is a mother of two and approaching 40 years old. She is getting ugly." Evidently Mrs. Magnano told her surgeon she would rather die than have a fat butt. He insists Mr. Magnano owes him the rest of the payments, because the contract was fulfilled.

Bob McPaul

Duel of the Fates

So you've gotten yourself into an argument with someone. It could be over politics, religion, the weather, which Pokémon is the best - whatever. The important thing is that they have just slapped you across the face with a glove and uttered the famous words, "I challenge you to a duel!" What should you do? Well, if you decline, you are a coward and must paint yourself yellow and move to France. But no one wants to be a coward (other than the French), so you look them straight back in the eye and say, "I accept..."

"Pistols at dawn!"

This is the classic response. You stand back-to-back each holding a pistol with a single bullet. A third party wearing a top hat counts to ten, with both of you taking a step forward on each number. After the tenth step, you whirl around and attempt to shoot your opponent before he shoots you. You only get one shot, so you must make it count.

"Assault rifles at dawn!"

This operates much in the manner of "Pistols at dawn", but works out better if you have terrible aim. The weapon of choice is the American M16A1, but you can use your favourite one. A sight variant of this is the 'Ole USSR' method, wherein both of you use AK-47's and attempt to duel clouds while screaming like idiots.

"Rocket launchers at dawn!"

An exciting twist on an old classic. You both equip yourselves with rocket launchers and, standing back-to-back, count off two hundred paces, at which point you whirl and shoot. To keep things fair, no homing or seeking rockets may be used.

"Airplanes at dawn!"

The airplanes referred to here are, of course, warplanes. While duelling 747 jumbo jets may sound cool, they just end up colliding in midair, killing both parties. The most entertaining option is for one of you to take a Sopwith Camel and the other to take a Fokker

D Triplane for wonderful nostalgic goodness. If you're into muscle, F-18 fighter jets may be the thing for you.

"Armies at dawn!"

Why take him on by yourself when you can have thousands of your buddies take on thousands of his buddies? Place your armies on opposite sides of the battlefield and at the count of ten, let them loose at each other. They must fight to the death with the army having remaining survivors (or the last guys to die) emerging victorious.

"Flamethrowers at night!"

Start back-to-back from forty paces apart holding a flamethrower. On the count of ten, turn and start burning up the landscape and each other. The best part of this is that it looks totally awesome to see two giant jets of flame shining out of the night. It's also pretty much the only one that doesn't take place at dawn. Make sure both of you wear protective armour so that you don't cook yourself, but not so protective that the other guy can't kill you.

"Swords at dawn!"

Okay, this one you should use with caution since it involves some skill. Both of you start ten paces apart with a rapier in your hand. By the way, the sword must be a rapier (motto: It's rapier than other swords) - for some reason whenever two people have a duel with swords, it's always with a rapier. I mean, it's kind of useless for everything else. "Hey, come bust down this door with your rapier." "Sacré bleu! It bent in half." No wonder it was invented by the French - it's easy to tie a white flag to it.

Oh yeah, run at each other and have a swordfight. But it has to be fencing style.

"Pokémon at dawn!"

Start off standing twenty paces apart and on the count of ten throw Pokéballs at each other. Your Pokémon must duel to whatever condition it is that ends a Pokémon fight and then the victorious

Pokémon must kill the other human. Try to pick your Pokémon type so that it counters his. For instance, if he picks Charizard, you choose Blastoise; if he picks Venusaur, you choose Onyx; if he picks Pikachu, you choose a velociraptor.

"Rock, paper, scissors at dawn!"

Just lame. The other guy is allowed to kill you outright for being such a douche.

"Terrorist attacks at dawn!"

Both of you wake up and spend the entire day terrorist attacking the other guy, while simultaneously avoiding his attacks. You can try the classics, such as car bombs, backpack bombs and anthrax. If you wanted to do assault rifles at dawn but don't think you'd win, you can shoot him with an AK-47 as he steps out of his house. If you really wanted to do airplanes at dawn but only have 747's, you can fly them into each other's office buildings. You can, of course, suicide bomb him, but then it is a pyrrhic victory.

"Fists... right now!"

This one works because it gives you the element of surprise (surprisium). As soon as you finish saying this, smash him in the face before he realizes what's going on. Since duels, by definition, are to the death, you must jump on top of him and keep on pounding until he no longer moves. One more thing - the duel is fists, not face punching, so you can go ahead and give him a punch in the neck or knee or whatnot. You are allowed to punch the groin, but it is considered poor form.

"Soggy biscuit at dawn!"

Good god, just he sure you'll win.

And there you have it! Now when someone challenges you to a duel, just pick your favourite weapon in the arsenal of duelling and let them know that you mean business. Also, Frenchmen are cowards.

-Alex Shenkin

BEER • WINGS • POOL • JAVA
SPORTS • JUKEROX • SPIRITS
EVENTS • OPEN STAGE • GAMES

ein-stein
BIER HALL • EST. 1969

Serving up a good time
Every time since 1961!

Weekly Events:

**Man vs. Martini
MONDAYS**

Toonie TUESDAY

**Open Mike
WEDNESDAY**
Good tunes, good variety,
hilarious host and free stuff @ 9pm

Thirsty THURSDAY
(Pitcher Special)

B.U.R.P! FRIDAY
(Big Ugly Rockin' Party!)

Live Music SATURDAY
The best acts from our open mike
take the stage @ 9pm

**Free Pool & Comedy
SUNDAY**
Toronto's funniest people take
the stage @ 8pm!

**All Day Breakfast and
Canadian Tire Money
at par every weekend!**

**Games Room with
plasma
(available for groups)**

Free wireless internet

it'll all end in biers...

229 COLLEGE STREET
416/59-STEIN
WWW.EIN-STEIN.CA

The Toike is looking for a new
patch design!

Please submit your design for the
new Toike Oike Patch by February
15, 2010 for a chance to win free
ToikeWear, a year's subscription to
the Toike and a free patch.



The Min's Guide to Strip Mining

Strip mining is a mining technique used to extract minerals located near the surface. It is one of the simplest methods employed and very profitable. Today, I will teach you all how to do it yourselves.

1. Go by yourself into the middle of an empty field. This ensures that you are visible from many miles around.
2. Start sexily removing your clothes while gyrating your hips and making sultry 'come-here' eyes.
3. When the minerals come to put twenty -dollar bills in your G-string, catch them in your butterfly net.
4. Take them down to your nearest refinery where you can sell them for \$\$\$.

By the way, there is none of this "But I can't do this, I'm a guy; taking my clothes off is not attractive" stuff. Anyone can be sexy, even you. So there you have it, get out there and start mining.

Topaz Hornblende

Pit Safety

A Guide for Female Ffrosch

Engineering has a very high proportion of socially inept males. Fortunately, most of them are harmless sufferers of Asperger's syndrome or the children of overly protective and sheltering parents. Interacting with such individuals can be odd and occasionally annoying but leaves you feeling like you've done a good deed by noticing the person.

However, some awkward alumni find they are unable to initiate a conversation with women outside of engineering. The Toike has taken on the mission of protecting innocent Ffrosch from the ambitions of those known commonly as "creepers." This particular species of social reject loves engineering events, especially ones that combine girls and beer. Godiva Week is particularly high in creeper attendance, so some avoidance tips are in order.

First, it is imperative that Ffrosch exercise caution when approached for the first time by an overly friendly individual. It can take some time to realise the person does not fall into the harmless category but is in fact seeking things beyond

conversation; by this point it is often too late. A friendly response to a creeper's initial overture can doom an unwitting girl to stalking for the next four years, at least. Therefore, avoid responding with anything more than a nod for at least five minutes. Awkward males who just want a chance to talk are happy to be acknowledged at all and will continue to chat away unoffended. But a guy who's looking for more will be put off by your lack of response and move on to seek new prey.

Ffrosch girls should also be sure to travel in packs for safety. If you are approached by a guy and get a bad vibe, don't hesitate to ask an upper year you're friends with whether it's safe to associate with him. The engineering creepers are well-known and anyone who takes part in the social scene should be able to steer you clear of shady characters.

With this in mind, you are now prepared to fully engage in the awesome fest that awaits you when you return in January. Stay safe and have fun!

Bob McPaul

Cannonball

Greetings fellow engineering students, it is I, Bernadette, your cannonball chair. I am here to tell you all about Cannonball. Cannonball is the annual engineering semi-formal that takes place at the end of Godiva Week. This year, it will be held on the evening of January 9. The venue this year is the bottom of Lake Ontario and admission costs one anchor. You can buy yours from stores anytime between now and January. Make sure to get yours soon, because they always go quickly... to the bottom of the lake! Invite your friends and some of your enemies too!

This event is BYOA.

Bernadette Ho

The English Language

A Feminist Perspective

feet? I demand an ottosass! [Ed. Because it would be uncomfortable to move about the kitchen if you're standing on an ottoman...duh]

"German". What if women wanted to create a nation that would spend a century in futile attempts to take over Europe? The Luftwaffe? Pfft, we'd have the Luftvalva!

"Norman". What if women wanted to make a tribe of strong-willed killing machines who travelled through god-forsaken lands, raping and pillaging - oh, wait, we do have Amazonians. Rock on my sisters in snakeskin!

"Roman". What if women wanted an empire based on togas and the stupidest plumbing system ever? Coliseum? We'd have build the Clitoseum!

"Mandate". What if women want to make assertive systems and rules? I move we do away with mandate and start using "Lacdate".

"Buoyancy". Contrary to accepted scientific fact, woman float too! [Ed. Which is weird considering denser people objects usually sink]. It's time to embrace "Girfancy", or just "Nancy".

"Praying Mantis"... Although I guess we have "Ladybug", which is a beautiful graceful creature: and praying mantis!

are just creepy dudes obsessed with which one of them has the longest arms.

"Bogeyman". Of all the professions, this is one where I most resent the -man suffix. I mean, why can't women freak the shit out of little kids!

"Cayman". Where the hell am I supposed to hide my laundered blood money when I leave the country in my corporate suffragette?

"Ridiculous". There are too many dicks so go sticking them in all our words. It's inequality at its worst, and I demand we all start using "Ricintulous" from now on!

Moving on, let's examine sports and why the athletic world is covered in balls. Football, basketball, racquetball, baseball, hockeyball ... all are sexist expressions stopping young girls from realizing their athletic [Ed. Butch] dreams. It's time for Brett Favre to play footiterus, Michael Jordan to play basketovary, A-rod to play basefallopian!

In closing, let me reiterate how much I hate damn sexist men. Join me in my crusade of equity! Eradicate sexism! Cleanse away bad connotations!

Keith Myas

Celebrating The Wheel's 5710th Birthday

Whilst a wheel is an unexciting object, allow me to introduce the character of this dramatic persona. It is a round object, capable of transporting large loads over great distances with marginal effort. It spanned the expansion of civilizations and built the edifices that we now take for granted. Throughout history, the impact of Wheel has gone underrepresented.

Wheel, according to its most fervent followers, was born in 3700 B.C. in a small potter's cabin in Mesopotamia. From its humble origins, it rose to occupy position in industry, politics, and science. After obtaining its dual degrees in social policy and translational movement, it went on to provide hopes and dreams to billions of humans worldwide. It was a source of inspiration to Galileo, Newton, Aristotle, Zhang He and Genghis Khan. In the following paragraphs, we shall retrace the steps of Wheel and its impact as it crossed the Arabian Sea into continental Europe, as it soared over the majestic Himalayas to bring prosperity to China.

After Mesopotamia fell to the Assyrian army, a disillusioned and young Wheel set out on its quest to educate and liberate the humans of this world from the horrors of non-infinitesimal friction. Around 2000

B.C., it arrived at the doorsteps of modern Greece. Over the next one thousand years, it educated great minds such as Socrates, Hippocrates and Alexander the Great. Under its tenure, Greek civilization rose to its zenith and became the unchallenged power of the Mediterranean. Its social impacts included greater efficiency for artisans, easier transportation for farmers and more rapid deployment of defenses. History can name thousands of civilizations that were built on the wisdom eschewed by the enigmatic Wheel. Its transformative effects became legends, passed down through Anglo-Saxon orators (i.e. King Arthur and the Roundtable).

The Wheel's cousin, the Lun Tai, came to China around 1800 B.C. It brought numerous benefits such as allowing the creation of carts and waterwheels. It gave rise to the famous Chinese porcelain industry through facilitating the creation of homogeneous clay. Wheel thus established a 4000 years old empire that is the forerunner to the modern superpower.

If it wasn't for Wheel, we would not have cars, trains, planes, computers, bicycles, tools, electricity, microwaves, ovens, roads, shipping, medicine, and agriculture. According

to a very good friend of mine, whoever has Wheel, rules the world. As society transformed, its expectations transformed, and along with it, the aging Wheel. However, as Wheel transformed, it gained further wisdom. This symbiotic relationship eventually led to the creation of engines, gears and mechanisms that allowed the advent of the industrial revolution.

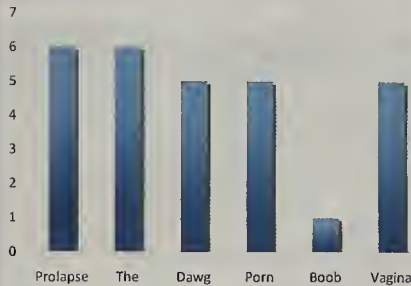
As time goes on, Wheel continues to contribute to ever greater segments of society. Its presence can be seen in every corner of the world. It does not discriminate by race, gender, sexuality or class. It has more representation in the world than the combined members of United Nations. It provides its services for free, allowing even the most destitute to benefit. It is of grace, nobility and wisdom that is unparalleled in the course of human history. It stands shoulder to shoulder to the gift of the gods, "fire". Even today, after witnessing one human tragedy to another, it still is part of the crane and ambulance that tirelessly tries to save survivors after hurricanes and wars. After all these years, it still stands for the ideals of truth, justice and equality that so characterizes every human endeavor.

Visionary, Hero, Cultural Icon

Toike Search Results

In an effort to be more transparent in our practices, the Toike is proud to publish our recent search history. We hope that this will give you, the reader, an insight into the mentality of the average Toike writer.

Commonly Used Words in the Toike's Search History



Distribution of Toike Searches



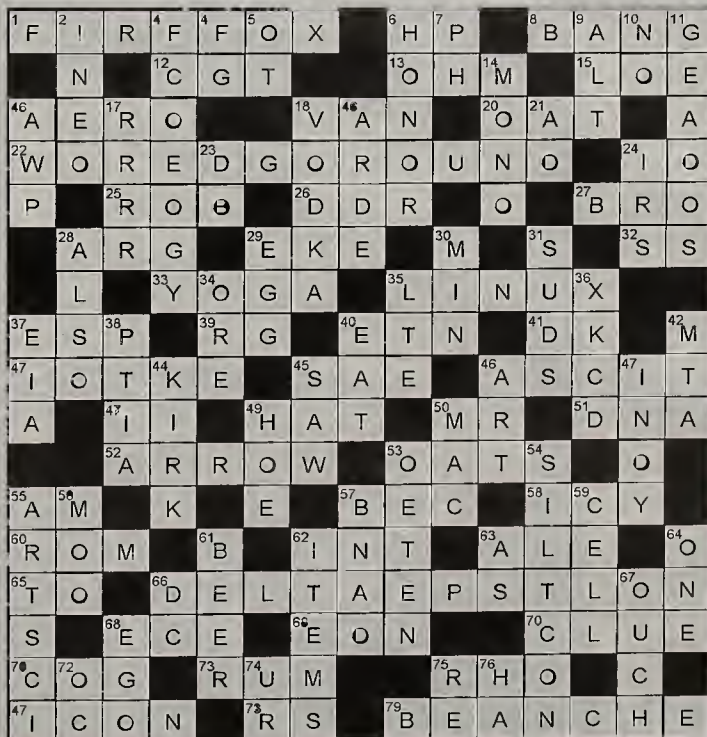
■ WWII/Hitler
■ Boobs/Etc.
■ Beatles on the roof
■ Sci-Fi

Toike Search History 2008-2009

- "aaron shindman"
- "beatles on the roof"
- "dawg"
- "dawg.jpeg"
- "dawg.jpg"
- "dawg.png"
- BFC Sticker
- Escapade Synonym
- Skule Blue and Gold Symbol
- aids
- always question
- anal prolapse
- aryantation
- battle plan
- battleship bismarck
- beatles concert on the roof
- beatles on the roof
- beatles roof
- beatles roof concert
- beatles rooftop concert
- bfe
- biggest scifi thing ever
- biggest thing in star wars
- boners for obama
- boobopolis
- braille
- brailrr
- brown bagging
- brute force committee
- citizenship and immigration Canada
- classy porn
- concert on the roof
- continents
- contraception method
- myths
- convocation hall
- cuntopolis
- dawg
- death star jack-o-lantern
- europe
- fighter pilot
- flechette shell
- flechettes
- football
- football in air
- football throw
- football Wilson
- google street view dead deer
- google street view sex
- ground beef
- hang in there kitty
- high school sexual network
- hitler melon
- hitler studios
- hitler study
- hitlermelon
- humor in uniform
- hymen
- install wiring
- intense synonym
- jon asmus
- lego iron man
- lego star destroyer
- lego yamato
- machismo
- macho man
- map of Europe
- map of Europe 1920
- mech building u of t
- melon kill
- melon marine
- niclen marine corp
- nungus tourette
- mining building u of t
- most times masturbated in one day
- most times masturbated in one day world record
- munich beer hall putch
- nazi sex
- not properly
- obama
- obama pointing
- operation firestorm
- pangea
- penile prolapse
- pilot
- pol
- porn bloopers
- porn the cob
- pornopolis
- pornucopia
- prn100
- prolapse
- pronopis
- quarter back
- radar
- razor angel
- reader's digest
- Reichstag
- risk
- risk boardgame
- s.t.a.k.e.r.
- santa's sue
- seed of destruction
- shocking proof
- shocking revelation
- shooting ping pong balls out of a vagina
- shooting ping pong balls out of a vagina video
- shorts in the snow
- shorts snow
- site:jackinworld.com
- site:ircd.com
- humor in uniform
- site:readersdigest.com
- site:readersdigest.com
- humor in uniform
- skuel.ca
- skule.ca
- sook yin lee
- space
- sperm jetpack
- star wars sun crusher
- supaman
- super caw caw
- three way scissor
- uterine prolapse
- uterine prolapse
- vagina cave
- vagina teeth
- vaginal prolapse
- varsity blues football
- velociraptor for every child
- viet cong execution
- weapons of ass destruction
- wallpaper
- wil e coyote
- wil e coyote imprint
- world map plain
- world war II german troop movements
- world war II map Europe before
- world war II map participants
- world war II participants
- world war II troop nap
- yamato

-Toike Staff

Solution for Toike Crossword - last issue



THE TOXIC AVENGER MUSIC

ENJOY AN OZZING GOOD TIME!

EXCLUSIVE STUDENT BONUS! MEET A GEEK WITH CAST POST SHOW ON FRIDAY NOVEMBER 30TH

BUY NOW! PREVIEWS FROM \$15 ON STAGE NOW!

CALL (416) 640-0176

QUOTE PROMO CODE: COOLCUP

TOXICAVENGERMUSIC.COM/COOLCUP

THE MUSIC HALL 247 DUNDAS AVENUE

ENCOURAGED FOR 20-25

A Day that Shall

In December of 2008, a writer of the Toike Oike disappeared world record for most number of times masturbating

6:00 am: Woke up to my alarm clock with a healthy case of morning wood. Not letting this go to waste - a trip to the bathroom is in order.

6:01 am: #1! A great start to a great day.

6:07 am: Dressed quickly and poured myself a bowl of cornflakes. The milk's gone bad though... kind of reminds me of...

6:12 am: #2 is off, except now I need to pour myself a new bowl of cornflakes.

6:14 am: Picked up the newspaper and guess who's on the front? Hilary Clinton! Now, some may look down on me for this, but I find powerful women in powerful suits sexy. Help me break the record Hilary!

6:21 am: Thanks for #3, Hilary! Hmmm, I'm starting to gain stamina. Normally I'd be like "Hey, awesome", but not today. I must try to be a premature ejaculator, it only for a day.

7:00 am: Home after a lovely jog and I'm really sweaty, if you catch my drift! "Wink". Time to hop in the shower.

7:15 am: All done, and this shower was just my typical, ordinary, everyday shower. So #5.

7:25 am: All ready to leave for school. For some reason, the faculty scheduled my economics class at 8 am. Early classes are one of the few things that do not give me a boner.

7:31 am: Sitting on the subway. In the last car. At the back. Better open up my newspaper.

7:52 am: This is starting to hurt. #6 is in my newspaper, which I left on my seat. This old lady sitting across from me is giving me the weirdest look.

7:54 am: Got off at my stop. Another guy got on and as the subway is pulling away, I see him pick up my newspaper and open it. HAHA-HAHAHAHAHA!!!

10:36 am: I'd better lay low for awhile so that the heat dies down. Guess I'll go see a movie - it's not like my classes do me any good anyway.

10:55 am: Hmmm, my walking speed seems to be much lower than normal. Probably a side effect of too much fun. Guess I'll take the streetcar.

11:05 am: Wow, sitting down feels good. I'm starting to get a little red down there, too. I hope this doesn't go south - I mean, I'm no doctor, but how could masturbating too much be bad for you?

11:11 am: Hey, guess what's playing? Twilight! :D That Robert Pattinson can sure get me going. Snuck (well, crawled really) in when no one was looking.

11:23 am: Wow, going to a seat at the back took a while this time.

11:24 am: Hey, there's Robert Pattinson. What a hottie. He really gets my juices flowing, if you know what I mean, which you should since that wasn't even innuendo. I mean, just read it literally.

11:26 am: Goddamn it! I'm trying to jack off and someone's cell phone is ringing. I hate those stupid jerks at the movie theatre who don't turn off their phones beforehand and ruin the movie for everyone else. What the hell?! Can you not take five seconds and turn your phone off? I hate you all, you stupid fucking bastards!

11:27 am: Oh, wait, it's my phone. I probably shouldn't have shouted out all those prolently-laced death threats.

11:29 am: That was my buddy calling - apparently the Mice are looking for me. In the hypothetical situation that someone in the future is reading this and does not know who the Mice are, I can only assume that an editor of sorts would insert a note explaining that "The Mice" is a colloquial term used to refer to the Campus Police. [Ed.: No I wouldn't.]

12:13 pm: This is ridiculous. 45 minutes to masturbate? I hope I don't need to pull out my notebook and... wait a minute! The Notebook! If I think of both The Notebook and Robert Pattinson together, then-HELLO! Now we're rocking!

6:30 am: Breakfast is done. think I'll go for a jog. Laced up my running shoes (or should I say my masturbating shoes) and headed to the park.

6:42 am: Met another jogger in the park - a really good looking girl with a really good looking dog, just what I needed! Ran behind the bushes.

6:52 am: #4 away! Looks like I've got some competition, since there's another guy here doing the exact same thing. Not sure how he jogs in a french coat, though.

8:01 am: Arrived at lecture. My friend says I look "really fired". I have already masturbated more in two hours than most guys do in an entire day.

8:10 am: The professor is here and he's droning on about amortization or some such. You know, there's always something I've wanted to do in lecture...

8:12 am: This is perfect. The guy beside me snuck out to the bathroom and left his coat on his seat. Actually, he's probably doing the same thing I am. If I were left-handed, would I be able to fake notes at the same time?

8:22 am: The professor is talking about linear build-up of cost over time. I'll show him linear build-up of something else over time.

8:30 am: #7!

8:31 am: Got kicked out of lecture. My buddy couldn't stop laughing and the professor booted us. Left the guy's coat on his seat.

8:33 am: Went to the Tabs to play StarCraft. By which I mean look at porn. Made sure to take a seat at the back. Iiiiiit's lapping time!

8:55 am: I'm just about to finish when some guy comes in yelling at me. I'm not about to take that, so I shout "JUST GIVE ME A SECOND!", then throw my dirty Kleenex in the recycling bin. #8.

8:58 am: Waiting outside the Vice Dean's office. Apparently you get in trouble for this or something.

9:05 am: Sitting in the Vice Dean's office. He keeps going on about "appropriate behaviour" and "civilized conduct" and how this kind of "appropriate behaviour" is not only wrong, but illegal. All I can keep my mind on is the Sport's Illustrated issue on his desk. Man, she is HOT! So hot, in fact...

9:08 am: He gets up to go talk to his secretary. I grab the issue and bolt.

9:32 am: I've always wondered why there's a space underneath staircases in the basement. Now I know. #9. I should really give the magazine back, but I won't because that is in poor taste.

Live in Infamy

ared in the city of Toronto while attempting to break the
ing in one day...A year later his diary was found.

12:16 pm: Just a little further... wait for it... wait foooooer it... in 3... 2...
HOLY SHIT! OWWWWWWW! OH FUCK! OWWW! OW! I just pulled
something MAJOR. Shit! My mouth is bleeding - I must have hit it
while falling down. Oh god, the room is spinning and I must have
screamed out loud because there are a lot of faces above me. They
are above me because I am currently on the floor. But in a puddle
of my own ejaculate! #11!

12:21 pm: They wanted to coil me on ambulance, but I told them
I was fine. I showed them I was fine by falling down the escalator,
then again telling them I was fine. I need rest and some first aid.
Heading to the Shoppers Drug Mart next door.

6:24 pm: Hey, I'm back on campus. I'll have to keep a low profile.
And I need a way to get myself off multiple times. I'm so behind right
now.

6:31 pm: I believe I've got the solution to all my problems. There's a
frot house nearby and they're all smashed beyond all belief. Now,
it's well known that all frot's carry out a hazing ritual on their drunken
pledges. That's right, it's time for a game of soggy biscuit!

6:36 pm: Okay, I'm in. Went to the kitchen and stole a box of cookies
then down to the basement. There are like thirty super-soused guys
standing around. Time to get this boot rocking.

6:37 pm: I mentioned soggy biscuit and everybody spot out their
beer. I didn't think they would be that enthusiastic to play.

6:40 pm: Okay, go!

6:40 pm: #13! NOW THAT'S MOTIVATION!

10:05 pm: Cleanup time over. Time to get back to 'business'. Start-
ing round 18 of soggy biscuit. Everyone else is grimacing and fears
are screaming down their cheeks. I am the champion of this sort of
thing, soon to be the world champion.

10:11 pm: ERGGGGGGH! This is getting hard! I need to stay focused
on what will happen should I finish lost. Keep on tapping.

10:17 pm: Oh god, there are only two of us left. This can't be hap-
pening. I have to show this skinny cracker who can get it out first.

10:21 pm: Yes! I beat him by like a second! I am not the loser, thank
God! #32 I guess one more round couldn't hurt. We're down to the
last cookie anyway, so whatever.

11:55 pm: I'm currently hiding in the thick foliage of the Don Valley.
I've got the police, the Mice, the movie theatre staff, Shoppers Drug
Mart, the Vice-Dean and that guy and woman from the subway
after me. What will I do? Where will I go? Whoa there Alex, get a
grip. Just think this through. I need to myself calm down. Guess I'll
masturbate.

12:42 am: Fuck! The cops are here. How did they track me down?
I totally crossed the river and everything - isn't that supposed to
throw them off?

1:00 am: Well, this is it. I am under arrest, on eight counts of indecent
exposure and eight counts of masturbating and/or urinating in pub-
lic. They're putting me in the back of a car and carting me off to jail.
Anything that I say can and will be used against me in a court of
law, but I think I lost the ability to speak hours ago.

2:12 pm: Huh? What? Where am I? God, I must have passed out.
What time is it? Shit! I've lost valuable masturbating time. Valuable
relative to the overarching goal. Masturbating time can never be
said to be valuable, since any time is masturbating time.

2:15 pm: I'm inside. Better pick up some soothing lotion, painkillers
and the opposite of sleeping pills. I guess those would be awake
pills - Hey! My wallet is missing! Who would steal an unconscious
guy's wallet, other than everyone I know? Looks like I'll have to use
the five finger - or 'LGM8' - discount.

2:21 pm: Hey, so that's what all those mirrors in the store are for. It's
hard to moisturize your junk without anyone seeing you. Ah, that's
soothing. Very soothing. So soothing that I'm going to grab a Cosmo
and -

2:52 pm: #12! All those sex tips should really be masturbation tips. For
men. That way it doesn't take me 40 minutes to wank! Conveniently
enough, no one saw me the entire time. Put the magazine back on
the rack, with the centre spread pages stuck together.

3:05 pm: HAHAAAA! I am invincible! I can feel no pain, unlike you
puny mortals. I could jump in front of a truck! I could drive nails into
my hands! I could masturbate into a tornado! What's that, Mr. Sky?
You want me to kiss you? OH YEEEEEEAAHH!!!

6:44 pm: That's done. Time for round two! Whoo, everyone's just
staring at me. You'd think I just suggested that we all hold down a
pledge and eat him alive. Hesn't anyone ever heard of multi-round
soggy biscuit?

6:53 pm: After much convincing and much more alcohol, they're
ready to go.

6:54 pm: AHAHAHA! I AM THE KING OF THIS 'SPORT'! #14! Time for
round three.

10:30 pm: Fop! Fap fop! Fap fop lap fop lap fop fop. That vein in my
forehead is throbbing and my hands are sweaty. I also just noticed
I can't feel my feet, but this is all worth it. If only to get it off just one
more time.

10:39 pm: Augh! I'm in the final two again and this guy looks really
determined. He's got his mosturboting face on and everything. Well
I'll show him!

10:43 pm: C'mon! Please...

10:45 pm: Oh no. This can't be happening. THIS CAN'T BE HAPPEN-
ING! How? How could he beat me? My God, this is by far the worst
thing that could ever happen to anyone. Sure the Khmer Rouge
killed millions of their own citizens, but they never forced anyone to
eat a cookie covered in other men's semen. Well, here goes noth-
ing...

2:15 am: They're driving me to jail right now. I'll probably be let off
- I'll just explain to the judge about soggy biscuit and what I did so
that I wouldn't have to eat it and he'll understand. But for now, it
looks like I'm going away. It only I get my words out to the world, to
warn off any wayward lads who may try this in the future. Let me tell
you, boys, it was not worth it. I'm a wreck and I've lost my freedom,
all for want of masturbating more than anyone else in history ever
has. Why must life be so unfair?

2:32 am: Hey, we're passing by a nice, empty field. If I can just find
my weatherproof diary into it for some hopeless person to find. That
field is only checked once a year, though, and that was... shit - yes-
terday. Well, here goes nothing...

How To Survive Exams

1) *Read every other gad damn article about surviving exams*

Pretty much every other publication from "Asses, Etc" to "Zyllinky's World of Sailing" has an article around this time of year listing a bunch of trite advice on how to be a boring nerd during exams, usually featuring garbage like "Sleep Well!" and "Study!" Chances are if you're reading this it's either too late to, or you just won't, follow this advice. I don't even know why I'm writing this here, I'll move on now.

2) Panic

Studies show that panic is basically steroids for your brain. Panic early and often. The more you freak out, the easier your exam is gonna be. Try taking large amounts of stimulants like caffeine, cocaine, and amphetamines (ex. Ritalin). This will ensure you sleep less and have more times for having a nervous breakdown. Go into your exam quivering from fear and a cocktail of drugs that would make Keith Richards bluish and you're a shoo-in for the Dean's List.

3) *Go back in time and take things seriously and work hard*

Hahahahahaha fat chance of this, loser! Enjoy your failure, you miserable wretch.

4) Just fail

There's always next year. Or the year after that. Or the year after that. But not the year after that (that's when you enroll in Culinary Education). It's the quantum physics method of testing: there's a chance, no matter how infinitesimal, of you passing that exam if you do it enough times. Come up with funny excuses for failing; good examples include "swine flu", "attempted suicide", "trouble with the law", or "massive brain damage due to blunt trauma to the head."

Luca Gerace

AFI

10 Years, 10 Worst Movies

1. Twilight
2. Twilight
3. Twilight
4. Twilight
5. Twilight
6. Twilight
7. Twilight
8. Twilight
9. Twilight
10. Twilight: New Moon

Twilight: New Moon

A Review

Spoilers Below (But you are not missing much)

Being a connoisseur of the arts, I find the Twilight movies to have pushed the stupid movies industry to new heights. In comparative terminology, Twilight is to movies as Waterloo is to Napoleon, and ugly is to Paris Hilton.

I don't know why 15 year old girls are swooning over a random guy that seems like he is albino. Here's a clue, no vampires are vegetarian, if you ever get saved from a flying truck by a vampire, it is probably because he wants to eat you. Plus if you are one of those 15 year old girls that watched the movie and want to be Bella Swan, you are probably too stupid to figure out that he's a vampire in the first place.

Second, why is PETA not after Twilight? The movie blatantly mistreats animals. What you eat humans? How can I ever love you Edward. Wait you are vegetarian? You only eat deer? I love you forever Edward? What?

Personally, I have not watched the

movie in detail. But if I had watched in detail, I would probably be too comatized to say anything. Also have anyone noticed that the first Twilight movie came out in 2008, second one in 2009? At this pace the last Twilight movie would be in the fall of 2011 or as another really bad but not equally bad movie puts it, a few month shy of the end of the world!

Just last week, I overheard two girls talking about planning to watch the New Moon movie. Please, for the love of god, STOP! Much better alternatives include EVERYTHING and ANYTHING.

When our posterity looks back on us for romantic direction, I want them to see the great pieces of art that is Stardust, Love Actually or Notebook just as our forefathers gave us Princess Bride, Casablanca, and Charade and their forefathers Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Pride and Prejudice and Wuthering Heights.

You might have noticed that it has been quite a fall from Romeo and Juliet to Casablanca to Princess Bride to Notebook already. However sinking to the level of Twilight is simply taking it too far. So please don't watch the new Twilight movie. Not only will it destroy your soul, it will also destroy the soul of everyone in the next 20 years.

Visionary, Hero, Cultural Icon

New Skule Websites

JUST FOR YOU

Hello loyal readers, this is your webmaster Raf speaking. You may have noticed that skule.ca has been expanding recently, with such great offerings as engsoc.skule.ca, points.skule.ca and socks.skule.ca. Without further ado, I present upcoming new subdomains for skule.ca that will help to serve you, the students, better.

porn.skule.ca

Studying for midterms and want to take a break? Too many problem sets to deal with? The other girls and boys in your class not doing it for you? Stop off at porn.skule.ca for all your stimulatory needs. There's everything you need to unwind from a hard day's (and usually night's too) work. We have porn for every possible sexual orientation ($0 \leq \theta \leq 2\pi$) and fetish.

In fact, the Engineering Society has recently commissioned several themed pornographic works in areas such as calculus and statistics so that you can still study while you watch. Looking for

some S&M? Why not grab some E&M while you're at it! No, there is no fluid dynamics themed porn - not even we have such low taste that we would make that joke.

kleenex.skule.ca

Make sure to visit here after porn.skule.ca so that we can keep our computer labs nice and clean.

mysacks.skule.ca

A new addition on top of socks.skule.ca (Get it? Because Engsoc is pronounced Eng-Sock? Ha ha, oh, we slay ourselves with this one!), this site acts as a database for all your lost socks. Whenever you find you have an odd sock, log in and fill out the form detailing the size, colour and patterns on your sock. We will attempt to pair up any socks found with ones in the database so that your feet may match again.

We were inspired to do this by a sweet young Frosh who arrived at the Engsoc office one day with questions about frosh week. When we gave her an Eng-Sock afterwards,

she proceeded to remove one of her socks and trade it to us for the Eng-Sock. The sock still resides in the office.

If you, unnamed girl, are reading this (or you are her friend and are reading this), please come by the office to pick up your sock (be sure to bring the matching one so we know it is really you) and enjoy a free dinner with the officers.

essays.skule.ca

Have another boring arts essay to write for your humanities elective? Well worry no more, we are here to help you! Take a visit to this site and check out our brand-new Acme™ automatic essay generator! Just fill in the subject, length and level of pretentiousness and it will create an essay, just for you. Don't worry about plagiarism, because it will never generate the same essay (or parts of an essay) twice! Citing sources still a problem? No worries - the essay generator mines the vast data deposits of the internet for citeable

material, but does not use Wikipedia.

naun.skule.ca

Feel that there aren't enough random skule.ca subdomains? Well now you can create your very own! Simply input the noun, desired webpage size and level of pretentiousness and our Acme™ automatic subdomain generator will take care of the rest. Want to see bread.skule.ca, grey.skule.ca, desks.skule.ca or garbage.skule.ca? Well now you can!

I hope you can check these all out and send me some feedback at webmaster@skule.ca letting me know what you think (I will try to get back to all of you after I rescue Princess Zelda. Don't worry though, I teamed up with this Sheik girl and she totally kicks ass! We'll have Zelda rescued in no time). Happy surfing!

Rafal Dittwald

The Philosophy Rant

This month, I would like to address something that has been bugging me since time immemorial, by which I mean since I started university. It has to do with philosophy majors. If you're a philosophy major, listen up, since what I am about to say is the most important thing you will ever hear (well, read):

What's the deal?

Really, what good is philosophy? Of all the possible degrees you could ever take, this is the one that is completely useless for everything in life. Allow me to show you what a smattering of other majors are capable of:

- An English major could proofread your work or come over to your house and tell you stories.
- An engineering major could fix up your furnace or build you a generator.
- A music major could delight you with songs and write you beautiful pieces of music.
- A forestry major could provide you with paper and wood products.
- A medicine student could... well, come on, this one is obvious.

Even a political science major could distill world events and analyze them for political trends.

But what on earth is a philosophy major going to do for you? Would you ever say, "Hey, can you come by

my place and think about things for a while?"

Ask any philosophy student what they plan on doing after they graduate and they will meet you with a blank stare. Really, what is a degree in philosophy good for, other than becoming a philosophy professor? Don't get me wrong, philosophy used to be great, back when it was natural philosophy. Then they changed the name of natural philosophy to science and all that was left was the useless residue that stays with us still. Sure, I need people to serve me my coffee, man the cellphone booth in the mall and test my food for poison (not to mention periodically check whether the third rail is really electrified), but I am working on building robots that can do all those things. Better yet, the robots don't act like smug douchebags about everything and realize their marginal value to society. I mean the marginal value of them as robots - philosophy majors have no value to society whatsoever, except as fuel.

In conclusion, I believe that upon graduation, every person receiving their philosophy degree should be required to plant two trees, to symbolically make up for all the oxygen they wasted while getting degrees in philosophy. If you are a philosophy student and you disagree with me, why don't you go sit down and think about it for awhile.

I'll be busy doing useful things.

-Alex Shenkin

Which Reich are you?

Find out which German era best describes your personality and outlook on life. The question everybody wonders about but is afraid to ask.

How it works: Read every question and answer it truthfully (even if you're ashamed), then add the points next to your answer to your running total. Once you've tallied up all your points, check the outcomes to find out which Reich you really are.

Question #1:

It is the night before a big exam. You:

Do several of the hardest practice problems, then set your alarm and go to bed at a reasonable hour. (4 pts.)
Review the important concepts and do a few practice problems, then catch some sleep. (2 pts.)
Stay up all night doing every practice exam from the past ten years and every question in the textbook. (10 pts.)
Consume as much alcohol as humanly possible. (-5 pts.)

Question #2:

Your neighbours won't stay off your lawn. You:

Call a neighbourhood meeting and outline the problem and proposed solution to all involved. (1 pt.)
Invite them over for drinks and ask everyone to just be nice. (0 pts.)
Put up a fence and warn them there will be consequences for further intrusions. (3 pts.)
Hang one on your tree out front as an example. (10 pts.)

Question #3:

The economy is in the midst of a large recession. You blame:

The Americans (-1 pts.)
The French (2 pts.)
The Jews (5 pts.)
Each other (1 pts.)

Question #4:

From the following colours, which is your favourite?

Green (2 pts.)
Red (4 pts.)
Pink (1 pt.)
Black (3 pts.)

Question #5:

You once spent a day at the beach. How do you remember it?

Swimming with your friends, with loads of sunblock of course. (2 pts.)
Sunny at first, but quickly darkening before a large storm hit. (4 pts.)
The worst day of your entire life. (6 pts.)
Actually, you don't remember it at all. (-4 pts.)

Question #6:

You look out one day to see your next door neighbour building a large cannon aimed at your house. You:

Put up the peace sign and ask to be friends. (-15 pts.)
Call up your powerful buddies and have them make your neighbour stop. (2 pts.)
Build your own cannon, then go over to his house and take out the trash. (8 pts.)
Don't worry, since it's your cannon as you killed your neighbour weeks ago. (16 pts.)

Question #7:

How fast do you drive?

Below the speed limit. Even slower if you're worried you might hit something. (2 pts.)
The speed limit, and that's it! (5 pts.)
Really fast - in reverse. (-3 pts.)
Slowly... over other people. (10 pts.)

Question #8:

Which of the following animals is your favourite?

Cat (2 pts.)
Horse (5 pts.)
Monkey (-1 pt.)
HIV/AIDS (15 pts.)

Results:

(<0 points) Second Reich

Congratulations, you're the Weimar Republic! You're all about all party, all the time! You spend your nights carousing and

your days recovering. You don't let little things like work or life interfere with your swinging lifestyle. Who knows what tomorrow will bring, so let's live in the NOW! In fact, it's not caring what tomorrow will bring that ends up ending your fun forever. Remember, while you're out partying, everyone else is out making themselves more powerful than you could possibly imagine.

(0-20) Fourth Reich

Congratulations, you're Postwar Germany! You carry out the actions expected of you, but always double check yourself to make sure that you don't slip back into the bad old ways. You reach for the sky, but make sure to keep your arm bent. You mean business, but in a non-threatening way, and intentionally keep yourself out of anything that might look like you're trying to gain power. The middle way, it is a tough balancing act, but necessary so as to not enrage the entire world again. For the third time.

(21-45 points) First Reich

Congratulations, you're the Prussian Empire! You're all about growing and making yourself more powerful, but within the rules and with a strong emphasis on tradition. You look out for your friends and aren't about to let someone else pick on them. When they get themselves in trouble, you come to their aid, even when you know they're in the wrong.

(>45 points) Third Reich

Congratulations! You're the Third Reich! You're the Reich that can be referred to just by its number and everyone knows exactly what you're talking about. You know what you want and you will stop at nothing to get it. You're powerful, charismatic, driven and ruthless. The only direction is forward and the only way is up! When life gives you lemons, you wipe out lemon trees! You never stop to think about the consequences or, even less important, moral implications of your actions, as that would distract you from your GOAL! When history looks back at you, they'll think whatever you tell them to think, as first thing once you finish is to rewrite all the history books.

- Alex Shenkin

Famous Failed Predictions

"I think there is a world market for maybe five computers."

-- Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM, 1943

"But what ... is it good for?"

-- Engineer at the Advanced Computing Systems Division of IBM, 1968, commenting on the microchip

"\$100 million dollars is way too much to pay for Microsoft."

-- IBM, 1982

"We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out."

-- Decca Recording Co. rejecting the Beatles, 1962.

"Drill for oil? You mean drill into the

ground to try and find oil? You're crazy."

-- Drillers who Edwin L. Drake tried to enlist to his project to drill for oil in 1859.

"Stocks have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau."

-- Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics, Yale University, 1929.

"640K ought to be enough for anybody."

-- Bill Gates, 1981

"Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?"

-- H.M. Warner, Warner Brothers, 1927.

-Peter Chen

Predictions for 2020

1) Obama no longer president 2016 - Dipping education levels among the populace leads to a disconnection between Obama's eloquent speeches and the general population and his term limit expires.

2) Many shiny new gadgets including the iMagine, iDea, iLiad, iGirl, and iSee - due to the success of the iPod and iPhone brands, Apple diversifies to other areas of entertainment such as devices that stimulate imagination and generate ideas which coupled with iLiad and iGirl allows you relive the greatest adventures of the last three millenniums your way and on the iSee screen in 3D.

3) Women makes up 50% of Applied Science Faculty - Just Kidding, dream on...

4) Elvis is Alive, Tupac is Alive, Michael Jackson is Alive, Jesus is Alive. Everyone is Alive!! Zombies begin taking over the world, John Connor is confused. Stupid military strategies lose humans the war, but one heroic man

saves us all and kills the zombie leader.

5) The World will end in 2021 - just because.

6) UTSU still useless: no justification required, however perhaps due to popular displeasure, UTSU finally drops the "Drop Fees" campaign. Due to the fact that they now have so much free time and surplus after dropping the "Drop Fees" campaign, they spend it to take over parliament. It fails, but goes down in history as the only time when a student union tried to overthrow a sitting government - inspires student leaders generations to come.

7) Canada is still a boring country - we still don't invade countries, help other countries invade other countries or stop other countries from invading other countries

8) Maple Leafs still sucks

- Peter Chen

The Iron Ring:



A \$40,000
Bottle Opener

skule alumni
Engineering Education
Alumni

The Malcolm in the Middle Circle Game

A Reflection

It was the year 2000. People were still concerned about the after effects of Y2K, and the rest of us were beginning to realize that the moon bases and jetpacks promised to us may not have been ready by the end of the year. Society wanted to laugh - nay! - society needed to laugh, and a Malcolm in the Middle episode titled "Dinner Out" would fill that order.

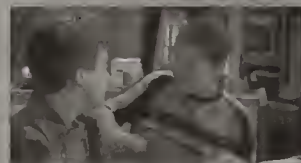
For those of you that haven't memorized every Malcolm in the Middle episode, this is the one that introduced The Circle Game into popular culture. Following the episode's debut, schoolyards everywhere were abuzz, arms everywhere were bruised and kids without cable were ridiculed. Soon, negative reinforcement had taken its toll on the population.

Nobody knew what the ground looked like. Shoes became covered in dog shit, shoe laces went untied, and quarters were left on the ground to rust. Pedophilic flashers' tactics didn't have any effect, while aerial advertising for Pokemon became super effective. A particularly tragic series of incidents occurred in Pennsylvania, where an open well claimed 7 young lives.

All and all, though, those were good days. No other game had such a great effect on us. Even after it faded away into obscurity, it was periodically resurrected throughout the decade whenever you needed an excuse to punch your friend. It was the most fun I ever had with two fingers below the waist.

How to play the circle game:

- Make circle with thumb and forefinger as above
- Put hand below waist
- Get somebody to look directly at the circle
- Punch them in the shoulder for looking at the circle



Broken Promises for the New Millennium

Four score and twenty years ago, when we ushered in the new millennium, our forefathers created a great movement for change. Many promises were made and New Year's resolutions vowed as 2000 approached (or 2001, for those who understood how a calendar works). There was disappointment at the lack of flying cars and relief when Y2K didn't happen. It was a time of great plans and great expectations. But ten years later, nothing seems to have happened.

Despite thousands of weight-loss resolutions, obesity rates are up, not down. Global warming is worse, not better. We didn't return to the moon, end poverty, eliminate the need for paper in society, or develop artificial intelligence. And we still don't have flying cars!

Admit it, you can't even remember what your resolutions for the new millennium were, and you damn well didn't fulfil them.

That plan to be a millionaire by 20 sure doesn't seem to have panned out, and you were probably in better shape back then than you are now. I'm betting you're not a rock star, either. But don't too feel bad - you're not alone. Plenty of other vows made during that time of hope and inspiration got hurried under piles of brown snow within the first month. We've listed some of them here. Oh, and for those of you who don't remember what snow is, it's this cold white stuff that used to fall instead of rain during the winter.

Abandoned resolutions from the turn of the millennium:

Hilary Clinton - become President so I can have an affair and show that idiot husband of mine.

Jimmy Lu - become a mime

Pierce Brosnan - make another good James Bond movie

Amanda Bell - touch a boob

Eric Bradshaw - touch a boob

Israel - destroy Palestine and celebrate with a kosher boob

Palestine - destroy Israel

Wayne Lin - grow a moustache

Kyle Dupont - catch all 151 Pokemon

Abhishek Mathur - touch external boob

David Cheung - be Batman, so I can touch Catwoman's boob

Michael Jackson - make a giant come-back in 2011

- Bob Paul



Atrium Renovation Review

After escaping from the Chinese mobsters trying to take me hostage by base jumping from the CN tower using 3 dead pigeons and a map of Tijuana as my wings I took cover in the SF atrium, and there began the most interesting part of my night.

My first sight was a guy rocking back and forth at ridiculous speeds. After making sure he wasn't riding a pony (awww...) and that he wasn't a batshit insane meth addict (phew!), I realized that he was riding an atrium chair. First off, what the fuck? I don't want to sit in a chair that's been dry-humped by my fellow engineers to the point of severe structural instability.

Then again, who can blame him? After spending the entire atrium renovation budget on a wire ceiling and the flimsiest chairs ever, any rational person would jump up on the chair and rock like a gorilla having a seizure.

On that note, why the hell did we do the wire ceiling? Any horror movie fan will never be comfortable in the atrium again: Alien, Jason X, hydralisks...all great killing machines have crawled around in some sort of wire-framed duct, sneaking up on their prey, hiding in the shadow...yeah, I can never be easy sitting there

beneath that death trap.

At first I was worried that the new, pristine counters would suffer under the hands of the construction we engineers do there, but I soon found that the counter was ready for us. Lined with a thick layer of hard steel, the counters are ready to catch you in the balls with a sharp corner, or to cause that circular saw to rebound off the steel edge and into your rib cage.

I'm not saying we need to baby-proof the atrium (actually, I kinda am) but really, we should all be concerned for the talented Bollywood dancers and break-dancers whose session in the pit could turn into a concussion.

On a more positive note, I'm looking forward to all the other improvements that will surely be phased in over the coming years. I hear it down the grapevine that EngSoc plans to install TV's on the roof with footage of clouds lazily drifting over a clear blue sky (think of the Hogwarts roof minus all that lame wizard stuff).

Also, that grapevine I mentioned wasn't a metaphor, I mean the ivy and vines that are going to be planted

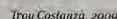
in the 2nd floor ledges. They'll spread up and down the walls and provide a beautiful outdoor feel to the place (and also a nesting spot for rabid squirrels). A spiral staircase will link all three floors, allowing students to cut that precious 10 seconds off their commute time from the pit to their blue room lecture.

The floor of the pit will be acid-etched with the logo of the Cannon guard, LGMB, and another non-existent club, which is really dumb, because any good engineer knows that acid would burn through the floor until it burned the core of the earth, necessitating an epic journey to the core in a ship made of unobtainium in order to save humanity.

What was I saying? Oh yeah. Well, the atrium renovation seems to mimic a meandering drunk, swaying around between crazy ideas of getting home to bed or riding a dragon or getting a tattoo, and eventually settling down for the very mediocre option of slumping over in an alley in a pile of garbage bags.

The whole project doesn't really seem to have an ultimate goal or ending. And neither does this article.

Keith Myas



sparkle

Sparkly skin! The best known sign of a vampire! Do I have to slay you or did you magically have your soul given back to you so you live every day in torment until you have sex again?

This is the skin of a killer!

Okay!

Neenerneenerneener

Bob McPoul, 2009

Wanted

WANTED - Aaron from www.aaronisawesome.com RE: 2010 Head writer position. Contact: toike@skule.ca

CANADIAN BIRTH CERTIFICATE
- I need to prove eligibility. Contact
president@skule.ca

ONE SOUL - Cost: Engineering
Degree OBO

CONCRETE STACK OF TOIKES
- Last seen in the entrance of Sid Smith, please return to the window of the jerk who moves the stacks of Toikes.

Persanals

LOOKING FOR LOVE - I am looking for a black body to absorb my irradiance.

**The Gregorian
Calender ends in
December 2009. The
world is going to end
in 2010!!**

